King is sicke for me: let vs take any mans horses, the lawes of England are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iustice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also: where is the life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these pleasant dayes. *exit.*

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Host. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo The Constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and shee shal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe visagde rascall, and the child I go with, do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Host. O the Lord, that sir Iohn were come! I would make this a bloody day to some body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miscarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you shall haue a dozzen of cushions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Pistoll beat amongst you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a censor, I will haue you as soundly swingde for this, you blewbottle rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swingde, Ile forsweare halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus ouercom might! well, of sufferance comes ease.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

Host. I come, you starude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Host. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you rascall.

Sincklo

Sinck. Very well.

Enter strewers of rushes.

1 More rushes, more rushes.

2 The trumpets haue sounded twice.

3 Twill be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, dispatch, dispatch.

Trumpets sound, and the King, and his traine passe ouer the stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.

Falst. Stand heere by me maister Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenaunce that he will giue me.

Pist. God blesse thy lungs good Knight.

Falst. Come heere Pistoll, stand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore shew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to shift me.

Shal It is best certain: but to stand stained with trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. Tis *semper idem*, for, *obsque hoc nihil est*, tis in euery part.

Shal. Tis so indeede.

Pist. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance, and contagious prison; halde thither by most mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with fell